

• The Passionate Louer.

To the Tune of I Lou'd thee once Ile loue no more.



As I late in a pleasant shade,
Under the arch of a thick Grove,
Where Nature had an Arbour made,
I did begin to thinke of Love;
We thought it was a peeuish toy,
Because Lones God was but a Boy,
and deeply hold that in my breast
such braineles phrenzies should not rest.

As I thus thought, there passed by
one seemd a Goddess, yet a Creature,
Who did transpire me with her eye,
and wound me with her heavenly feature:
My heart she did so deeply wound,
That I fell senseles to the ground,
and was of senses quite bereand,
till with her hand I vp was heard.

But her soft hand, diuiner touch
was cause of greater miserie,
The vertue of her hand was such,
that it pierst deeper then her eye,
Her fingers are those venomd darts
By which she pierceth tender hearts:
her eyes be shafts, and if she ayne
she doth the marke of kill, of mayne.

I gazed so long vpon her eyes,
that I was taken in a snare,
And made her captiue, and her prize,
bound in the tresses of her hayre:
As I vpon her beantie gaze,
My eering thoughtes are in a maze,
whereas they wander round about,
and can find a passage out.

I thought she was the soueraine cure
to salue this heart sick maladie,
Because she did the wound procure,
I thought she would be remedie:
But she unkind denied releife,
Like a bad Surgeon laucht my greife,
and left it not as twas befoze,
but cared lesse, and wounded moze,

The moze I lokt, the worse my heart:
the moze I griene, the lesse she cares,
The moze she smiles, the worse my smart,
and she doth laugh when I shed teares:
This is not Balsame for my soze,
It helpes it lesse, and paines it moze,
and she may know if she be wise
I can't be curde by contraries.

Beantie is like a blasing light,
that simple foles doe flock vnto,
Like silly Flies to that by night.
till they themselues doe quite vndoe,
For while they dally with the Torch,
They presently themselues doe scorch,
then sone they fall, as sone they dye,
oh that I were not such a Fly.

I thought in Love were only toy,
continall truce, and neuer war,
But now I see nought but annoy,
feares and dispaire the offspring:
Some Men perchance doe Hunny finde,
If that they meet with one that's kind,
but I hane found that in this Be
there is no sweet, but sting for me.

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They presently themselves doe scorch,
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The Second Part.

To the same Tune.



He was the white at which I shot,
but aiming wide I could not hit her
Scoones and disdaines was all I got,
she was to coy, I could not get her:
But as for her, she shot so right
That none her arrowes hinder might,
Shee is so skilfull and so quick,
That if shee shoots shee hits the prick,

Unhappy I that face to biew
whose enery luke shotes death at me,
Whose enery glance doth greiue renew,
and adde degrées to miserie:
Then let those eyes in darknesse languish,
that were my Conduit's to this anguish,
And let the Curtaines of sad night,
Debar them of the ioy of light.

O thise unhappy I to goe,
vnto the groue where shee was scene,
It was the cause of all my woe:
I wish that there I had not bene,
Then let my legges waie dry & wither,
that were my porters brought me hither
And let them fall and broken lye,
like pillars by times iniurie

When that I heard the fatall boice,
that shee pronounc't against my blisse:
My heart for very anguish fild,
and ready was pale death to kisse,
If her least word can doe such wronge:
why was shee boyne with such a tongue,
And I to heanens will put this suite,
that I were deafe or shee were mute,

Why should dame nature make such faces,
and so adorne these heavenly creatures:
When they doe want those milder graces,
That doe adde grace vnto their features
Like to the Syrens they allure:
that no man can their Charmes indure,
And in the lookes where grace should ly:
Sharpe frownes sit in and put grace by

I thought in that soft Satin skin,
which being toucht doth seeme to melt,
And in that best which tempts to sinne:
and rauish men when it is felt,
There had not bene so hard a hart;
since softnes was in euery part,
Oh why should Nature make a Jewell,
to be so Lodely and so Cruell:

The burning fever of fond loue,
hath now corrupted euery part:
My legges too weake can hardly mooue;
and loue hath festered to my heart,
My sinewes shrike my hart strings ake,
My pulses leape my ioynts doe shake:
And euery limbe and euery sence,
is plagued for my eyes offence.

Then let my soule part hence away,
And with swift flight from me be gone,
Why should it with mee longer stay:
in such a rotten mansion;
Let it take the last farewell,
in such a house no longer dwell,
While I for grife would farther speake,
my soule flies out my heart strings brake